

THE Lexington Intelligencer

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All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER must be signed.

"NUISANCE TAX"

REPEALED

Additional Exemptions Granted on Incomes for Heads of Families.

The tax exemption bill has become a law through the signature of President Harding during the closing hour of the sixty-seventh congress. It relieves the people of many annoyances by repealing the tax on articles of every day purchase.

The following taxes have been repealed: all transportation taxes, including taxes on freight passenger and Pullman transportation, express, parcel post, soda fountain tax, tax on wearing apparel and many so-called luxuries, including furs, tax on medicines and cosmetics.

The normal income tax rates are unchanged, but additional exemptions are granted. Heads of families are granted an exemption of \$2,500 instead of \$2,000 if their income is \$5,000 or less, and the exemption for dependants is increased from \$200 to \$400. Ministers are granted an exemption for the amount of the rental of their homes, and business men are granted an exemption for the amount they spend for actual living expenses while away from home on business.

Existing taxes on theatre tickets and other amusements are retained.

The law becomes operative January 1, 1922.

Trend of Farm Crop Prices.

The level of prices paid producers of the United States for the principal farm crops decreased about 11.6 per cent during October, 1921. During the last ten years the price level decreased about 5.6 per cent during October. On November 1, 1921, the index figure of prices was about 39.6 per cent lower than a year ago, 56.5 per cent lower than two years ago, and 33.7 per cent lower than the average of the past ten years on November 1st.

Fire At Dover.

Fire in Dover early Wednesday morning destroyed the drug store of C. T. Vaughan, the post-office and the office of Dr. W. G. Harwood. By heroic efforts of the bucket brigade the store building adjoining was saved.

Prices of Meat Animals.

The price of meat animals—hogs, cattle, sheep, and chicken—to producers of the United States decreased 3.2 per cent from September 15 to October 15, 1921; in the past ten years prices decreased in like period 3.2 per cent. On October 15th the index figure of prices for these meat animals was about 41 per cent lower than a year ago, 43.6 per cent lower than two years ago, and 25.5 per cent lower than the average of the past ten years on October 15th.

County Roads In Good Condition

Elmer H. White, county superintendent of schools, who has visited every school house, and traveled over practically every road in the county, says the roads are in the best condition that they have been for years. He reports a number of new concrete bridges, and a great amount of excellent road work where both were badly needed.

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Date Set For Farmers' Week.

The 1921 Farmers' Week at the University of Missouri has been set for January 16 to 20, inclusive. This is the annual event at which lectures are given and demonstrations are made of the work that is being done in the College of Agriculture.

Two and Two-thirds of Two.

"Late for reveille again, I see, O'Malley," snorted the irate captain. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

"Tis inherited, sir," answered Pvt. O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

—Legion Weekly

Marriage Licenses.

A marriage license has been issued to the following:

Albert Moore Lexington
Samiria E. Bales Lexington
Willie Lee Frazier Lexington
Gladys Armstrong Lexington
Ralph Briggs Mayview
Leona Nordsieck Lexington.

Major and Mrs. Rex K. Latham announce the birth of a son, Friday, November 25, 1921.

Bring your vacation films in and let us make some enlargements from them. Popular size is only 50c each at COFFIN'S STUDIO.

Since they have no Christmas vacation at the Chillicothe Business College, December can be made just as profitable a school month as any other. Adv.

After Many Years

By FREDERICK HART.

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It was noon—a hot, sticky noon, with the sun shining down on the lowering buildings and populous streets of lower New York as though, not satisfied with the temperature, it was maliciously doing its best to add another three or four degrees to the length of the already stretched mercury. The throngs that flooded the sidewalks and dodged in and out among the stream of street cars, automobiles, and trucks that clustered about the intersection of Wall and Broad streets were thinly clad—the men in palm beach suits, for the most part, the girls in white filmy garments; but even these efforts could not bring about the desired coolness.

The narrow, high-walled streets caught and held the heat like ovens; each window turned itself into a miniature reflector and multiplied the power of the sun. Only in one square was there promise of relief—in the little block where Trinity church stands, its spire dwarfed by the mighty buildings that crowd it about, but sturdily guarding its sacred plot of grass—the graveyard where Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton lie buried, sacred among the booming thunders of commerce.

Here were winding paths and green grass for tired feet, weary of the pound of the cement pavements; and here was the cool, dim interior of the church itself, where shadows drove away the heat and sometimes the dim notes of the organ took the business-slick mind away from the racket of typewriters and tickers and gave it soothing melodies to rest and refresh for a space before the afternoon, in-



She Stooped Above One of the Smallest.

exorable, called again to the world of commerce and trade.

Into one of the bypaths leading along a row of flaking brownstone slabs which marked the last resting place of forgotten pioneers of the city walked a girl. She was remarkable in that while obviously dressed with an eye to coolness and comfort she still gave the impression of being fully clad—an effect which many of her sisters abroad in that sultry weather utterly failed to attain. Her step was slow, her eyes on the ground, her face shaded by a plain straw hat; but the face under the hat was, had any one cared to notice, a pretty face—nay, more, a beautiful face. She was looking closely at the gravestones and appeared to be seeking something.

On a bench nearby was sitting a young man. Previous to the appearance of the girl he had apparently been absorbed in an early afternoon edition, though an observer might have noted that he glanced often at the wrought-iron gate of the churchyard and occasionally compared his watch with the clock in the steeple. Apparently he was waiting for something, or some one. When the girl appeared he had folded the newspaper and watched her intently.

She carried a tiny bunch of violets, bought from one of the many flower-bawkers that infest the nearby corners. As she scanned the headstones she paused; then, apparently finding what she sought, she stooped above one of the smallest of the graves, smoothed the grass on the mound with her hand and laid the violets against the slanting headstone. When she straightened up and turned away from her task her eyes were wet. The young man, gathering his courage, arose, approached her and took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon for my forwardness in speaking to you in this unconventional manner," he said. "But I have seen you, once a week, all during the summer place flowers on that little grave. And if you will pardon my curiosity, for which I assure you I have good reason, I should like to ask you why you remember Janet Caldwell who died in 1793, in this way?"

Believe me, I am not inspired by mere vulgar curiosity."

The girl looked at him a moment and then decided to speak.

"Have you read the epitaph?" she asked.

"Yes, but I don't remember all of it, except the name and the date."

"Well, it is such a little stone and so alone, and it leans over as though it were tired. And—come and read it." They went together to the grave and, stooping, the young man deciphered the worn inscription:

HIC JACET

Janet, Daughter of Ephraim and Janet Caldwell,

Age 16 yrs. 3 mos.

1777-1793.

Requiescent in Peace.

"Think of it!" said the girl. "Only sixteen; and her little grave seems so neglected here with all the others. I was sorry for her; and I—I thought she might like the violets—and I—"

The young man was not listening. Instead he was digging in his waistcoat pocket. After some search he produced something and held it in the palm of his hand.

"Would you like to know what she looked like?" he asked.

"Oh!" The girl's face was rosy.

"Do you—I mean are you—"

"Look." In the young man's hand was an ancient miniature, the cover snapped back. The girl looked long at the face on the thin plate of ivory.

"Oh," she breathed again, "how beautiful she is!"

"That was painted the year before she died," said the young man quietly. "Her father, Ephraim, was my father's great-great-grandfather. My name is Grant Caldwell and this miniature is all that is left to remember the family of old Ephraim. And you—you thought of her, while I am afraid that I had forgotten her."

The girl's eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"But you'll never forget her now," she said.

"No—not if you'll let me—"

"Let you what?"

"If you'll help me always to remember her—by seeing you again."

There was silence for a moment.

Then the girl looked up at him.

"I will," she said simply, and told him her name. Over the little headstone their hands clasped. And high in the tower of Trinity the old clock boomed out the hour as though in benediction on their heads.

WHEN THEY GO TO THE PLAY

What a Young Man and His Best Girl Think of Each Other.

The young man and his best girl go to the show.

What the young man thinks and the others think:

"Say, but I gotta peach of a girl tonight; bet every guy in the house is wishin' he was here in my shoes by her side. I guess she ain't tickled with her little self to have me bring her and get seats right up in front. Maybe I ain't no Adonis, but I fit this dress suit like it was made for me. Gotta get one some day."

What the best girl thinks the others think:

"I have to hand it to Bill for knowing enough to get orchestra seats when he's got a good looking girl with him. Gee, but I bet those dames would like to have my good looks. I guess I made a big hit with Bill tonight, but I'm not going to accept him when maybe I can land a fellow with a million or two. Nobody has got anything on me in the way of looks, and they know it, too. I'll bet a lotta 'em are raving about my complexion, too."

What the audience thought about them:

Not a dawgone thing!—Charles W. Perry in Judge.

76 Kinds of Knots.

"You will often hear a person say," an old sea captain said, "that they are going to tie a knot, but few know there are seventy-six kinds of knots. The simple knot is known to everybody, but the other seventy-five are not generally known."

"Some of the knots that the public rarely hear of and yet are used daily in shipping circles are the Englishman's tie, the Staffordshire knot, the slippery hitch, the Turk's head, the running bowline knot, the harness hitch, the surgeon's knot, the clove hitch, the magnus hitch, the rolling hitch, the Spanish windlass and the wall knot."

Development of Gasoline Tractor.

The present type of gasoline tractor finds its prototype in the old steam tractor. The intermediate step was taken when owners of steam tractors took off the steam boiler and mounted a stationary gasoline engine on the old steam-running gear. There were a number of these machines built around 1900, perhaps some a few years before. The first gasoline tractors manufactured from about 1893 to 1902 were slight refinements of the combination steam-and-gasoline outfit. In 1903 a special type of gasoline tractor appeared, and from that time on the industry has had a rapid development. Probably no one man can claim the credit for having built the first tractor.

Radium Clears Through Bureau.

It is doubtful if many persons of the United States know that every bit of radium in the country clears through the bureau of standards in Washington, but such is the case. The fact that the radium presented to Mme. Curie reposed in the vaults of the bureau of standards until it was taken to the purser of the S. S. Olympic is a secret which now may be made public.

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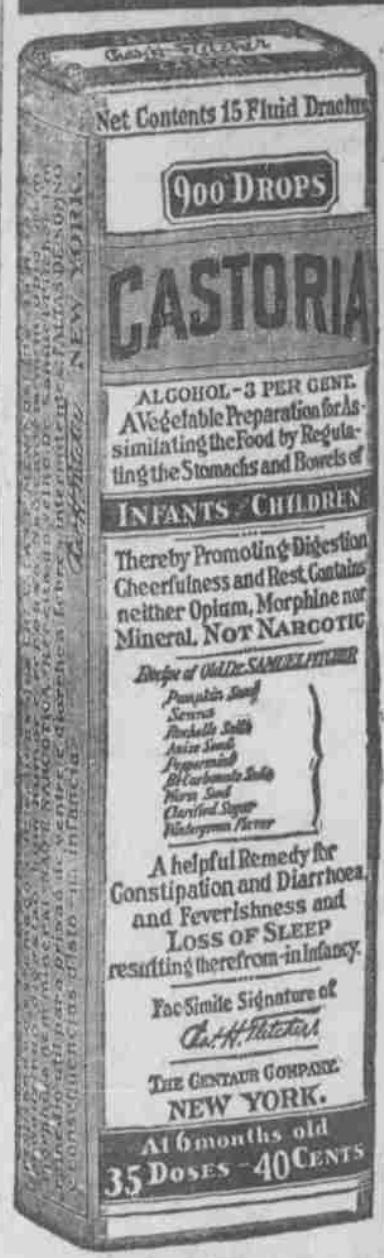
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